

7-7-1954

# 54/07/07 Dr. Sheppard Weeps Besides Wife's Coffin

Cleveland News

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## Recommended Citation

Cleveland News, "54/07/07 Dr. Sheppard Weeps Besides Wife's Coffin" (1954). *All Articles*. 282.  
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# Dr. Sheppard Weeps Besides Wife's Coffin

The dead and the living faced each other for the last time today.

In a bronze coffin, peaceful in death, lay Mrs. Marilyn Sheppard. Her exit from life was violent, but there was no evidence of it now in the soft light of the Saxton Funeral Home, 13215 Detroit Ave., Lakewood.

The murdered woman was in a bronze coffin and attired in a brown summer evening formal with a knee-length net jacket.

At the side of the coffin stood her husband, Dr. Samuel H. Sheppard. Tears dropped from his eyes and rolled down his tanned cheeks as he looked upon the battered face of his murdered wife.

Dr. Stephen Sheppard stood by his brother's side, holding his arm. Tears filled his eyes, too. Neither spoke as they said their silent goodbyes.

A moment earlier Dr. Stephen had brought Dr. Samuel into the funeral parlor in a wheel chair. He is suffering from a spinal concussion and broken vertebra in his neck.

Only members of the families of Dr. and Mrs. Sheppard were present in an adjoining room.

The hearse moved through the rain-filled streets to Knollwood Cemetery on SOM Center Rd. in Mayfield Heights.

There was no funeral procession. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas S. Reese, mother and father of the slain woman, rode in one car, the three brothers and father of Dr. Sheppard in another.

The coffin was wheeled through the rain into the Knollwood mausoleum chapel. There the families slowly gathered.

Dr. Sheppard arrived again in

his wheel chair, his head held high by a leather and fiber brace he wears to support and keep his injured neck in position.

The Rev. Alfred Kreke, pastor of the Bay Methodist Church where Mrs. Sheppard directed the children's summer Bible class, preached the funeral sermon.

"For man to be a free moral agent, rather than a blind robot, God leaves him the opportunity to manage or mismanage life on

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# BURY MURDER VICTIM

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earth, to obey the divine law," the minister said.

"We must begin to work our way through and beyond the period of sorrow. It is not God, mentally, physically or spiritually. We must assume our responsibilities in this world.

"We must again take over those responsibilities that are ours. This is true for those with a challenge of service in the professional field as well as for those with a heavy load of responsibility."

The chapel was banked with flowers. Less than 50 friends and relatives of the dead and the living were in the pews.

Grey light from the cloudy day filtered through the Tiffany stained glass windows.

Dr. Sheppard looked straight ahead as the Rev. Kreke spoke. His eyes were dry, but one of them appeared swollen and was only half open. His jaw was swollen, too—evidence he said of the encounter he had with a busy-haired man who beat his wife to death.

After the brief ceremony, the somber gathering of mourners filed out.

Dr. Sheppard was helped from his wheel chair into a station wagon by his brother, Dr. Richard, who drove him back to Bay View Hospital.

The coffin was wheeled to a burial vault, its final resting place.